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THE
L O N D O N
S P Y.

For the *Month of May*, 1699.

P A R T VII.

The Second Edition.

By the Author of the Trip to JAMAICA.



LONDON, Printed and Sold by J. How, in the Ram-Head-
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THE
D. O. N.
Y.

of the 10th



ROOMS



THE LONDON SPY.



WHEN our *Stratford* Tub, by the assistance of its Carrionly Tits of different Colours, had out-run the Smoothness of the Road, and enter'd upon *London-stones*, with as frightful a Rumbling as an empty Hay-Cart, our Leathern-Conveniency being bound in the Braces to its Good-Behaviour, had no more Sway than a Funeral Herse, or a Country Waggon, That we were jumbled about like so many Pease in a Childs Rattle, running at every Kennel-Jolt a great hazard of a Dislocation: This we endured till we were brought within *White-Chappel-Bars*, where we lighted from our stubborn Caravan, with our Elbows and Shoulders as Black and Blew as a Rural *Joan*, that had been under the Pinches of an angry *Fairy*. Our weary Limbs being rather more Tir'd, than Refresh'd, by the Thumps and Tosses of our ill-contriv'd Engine, as unfit to move upon a Rugged Pavement, as a Gouty Sinner is to halt o'er *London-Bridge* with his Boots on. For my part, said I, if this be the Pleasure of Riding in a Coach through *London-streets*, may those that like it enjoy it; for it has so loosen'd my Joints in so short a Passage, that I shall scarce recover my former Strength this Fortnight; and indeed, of the two, I would rather choose to cry *Mous-Traps* for a Livelyhood, than be oblig'd every day to be drag'd about Town under such Uneasiness: And if the Qualities Coaches are as troublesome as this, I would not be bound to do their Penance for their Estates. You must Consider, says my Friend, you have not the right knack of humouring the Coaches Motion; for there is as much Art in Sitting a Coach finely, as there is in Riding the Great Horse; and many a younger-Brother has got a good Fortune by his Graceful Lolling in his Chariot, and his Genteel Steping in and out, when he pays a Visit to her Ladyship. There are a great many such Qualifications amongst our true *French-bred* Gentlemen, that are Admir'd amongst our nicer Ladies now-a-days, besides the smooth Dancing of a Minuet, the making a Love Song, the neat Carving up a Fowl, or the thin Paring of an Apple.

Pray,

Pray, Friend, said I, don't let us trouble our selves about how the Ladies choose their Husbands, or what they do with their Gallants, but Consider how we shall get to the other end of the Town, for my Pedestals are so Cripp'd with our Whimsical Peregrination, that I Totter like a founder'd Horse, or an old Sinner when his Corns are tender. To which, says my Friend, You have exprest such a dislike to a Coach, that I know not which way to get you thither, if you cannot walk it, except you can make your Supporters carry you down to the *Bridge* and there we may take Water at the *Old-Swan*, Land at *Salisbury-Court*, and then we shall be properly plac'd to proceed on our further Ramble.

I accordingly submitted to my Friends Advice; and hobbled down to the Water-side, with as much uneasiness as a Badger walks upon even Ground, or a Bear down-hill, where a Jolly Grizzle-Pated *Charon* handed us into his Wherry, whips off his short Skirted Doublet, whereon was a Badg, to show whose Fool he was, then fixes his Strecher, bids us Trim the Boat, and away he Row'd us; but had not Swom above the length of a West-Country Barge, before a scoundrel crew of *Lambeth* Gardeners attacked us with such a Volley of saucy Nonsense, that it made my Eyes stare, my Head ake, my Tongue run, and my Ears tingle: One of them beginning with us after this manner, *You couple of treacherous Sons of Bridwell B—s, who are Pimps to your own Mothers, Stallions to your Sisters, and Cock-Bawds to the rest of your Relations; Who were begot by Huffling, spew'd up, and not Born; and Christen'd out of a Chamber-pot; How dare you show your Ugly Faces upon the River of Theames, and fright the Kings Swans from holding their heads above Water?* To which our well-fed Pilot, after he had clear'd his Voice with a Hem, most manfully Reply'd, *You Lousie starv'd Crew of Worm-pickers, and Snail-Catchers; You Offspring of a Dunghill, and Brothers to a Pumkin, who can't afford Butter to your Cabbage, or Bacon to your Sprouts; You shitten Rogues, who worship the Fundament, because you live by a Turd; who was that sent the Gardiner to cut a hundred of Sparragrass, and dug twice in his Wives Parsley-bed before the Good-man came back again? Hold your Tongues, you Knitty Readishmongers, or I'll whet my Needle upon mine A--s and sew you Lips together.* This Verbal Engagement was no sooner over, but another Squabbling Crew met us, being most Women, who, as they past us, gave us another Salutation, viz. *You Taylors! Who Pawn'd the Gentlemans Cloake to buy a Wedding-Dinner, and afterwards sold his Wives Cloathes for Money to fetch it out again? Here, Timothy, fetch your Mistress and I three hap'worth of boild Beeff, see first they make good Weight, and then stand hard for a bit of Carrot.* To which our Orator, after a puff and a pull up, being well skill'd in the Water-Dialect, made this return, *You, Dirty Salt-As'd-brood of Night-walkers and Shop-liftes, which of you was it that ty'd her Apron about her Neck, because she would be Kiss'd in a Nightrail; and recon'd her Gallant a shilling for fouling of Linnen, when she had never a Smock on? Have a care of your Cheeks, you Whores, we shall have you Branded next Sessions, that the World may see your Trade in your Faces. You are lately come from the Hemp and Hammer: O Good Sir Robert Knock, Pray, good Sir Robert Knock.* The next Boat we met, was freighted with a parcel of City Shop-keepers, who being eager, like the rest, to show their acuteness of Wit, and admirable breeding, accosted us after this manner, viz. *You Affidavit Scoundrels, pluck the straws out of the heels of your shoes. You Oats's Journey-man, Who are you going to swear out of an Estate at Westminster-Hall?*

ster-Hall, *tho' you know nothing of the matter? You Rogues we shall have you in the Pillory when Rotten Eggs are plenty. You are in a safe Condition, you may Travel any where by Water and never fear Drowning.* Thus they run on, till our Spokes-man stop'd their Mouths with this following Homily, *You Cuckoldly Company of Whifling, Pedling, Lying, Over-reaching Ninny-Hammers, who were forc'd to desire some handsom Batchelor to Kifs your Wives, and beg a Holiday for you, or else you would not have dar'd to come out to Day. Go make hast home, that you may find the Fowles at the fire. If I had but as many Horns on my Head, as you are forc'd to hide in your Pockets, what a Monster should I be. You little think what your Wives are providing for you against you come home. Don't be Angry Friends, it's many an honest Mans Fortune.* Said I, this is a rare Place for a Scold to exercise her faculties, and improve her Talant; for I think every body I meet is a new Accademy of ill Language. I observe 'tis as great a Penance for a Modest Man to go a Mile upon the River, as 'tis for him to run the Gantlet thro' an Alley where the good House-wives are Picking Okum; bad Words being as much in Fashion amongst such Gossips, as Curses at a Gaming-Ordinary; and good Words us'd as seldom, as Plain-Dealing among Courtiers.

By this time we were come to our propos'd Landing-Place, where a Stately Edifice (the Front supported by Lofty Columes) presented to our view. I enquired of my Friend what Magnanimous Don *Cressus* resided in this noble and delightful Mansion? Who told me No-body, as he knew on, except Rats and Mice; and perhaps an Old Superanuated *Jack-Pudding*, to look after it, and to take Care that no decay'd Lover of the Drama, should get in and steal away the Poets Pictures, and sell 'em to some Upholsters for *Roman Emperours*, I suppose there being little else to lose, except Scenes, Machines, or some such Jimcracks. For this, says he, is one of the Theatres, but now wholly abandon'd by the Players; and 'tis thought will in a little time be pull'd down, if it is not bought by some of our dissenting Brethren, and converted into a more Pious use, that might in part atone for the sundry Transgressions occasion'd by that Levity, which the Stage of late have been so greatly subject to. Here we took our leaves of the Lady *Thames*, wondering she should have so sweet a Breath, considering how many stinking Pills she swallows in a Day, each Neighbouring Tail, in contempt of her Pride, defiles her peacefull Surface, whose unsavory droppings, the Courteous Dame with Patience wears, to adorn her smooth Countenance, instead of Patches.

Being now Landed upon *Terra Firma*, we steer'd our Course up *Salisbury-Court*, where every two or three steps, we met some Old figure or another, that look'd as if the Devil had Rob'd 'em of all that natural Beauty, which (in being our Makers Image) we derive from our Creator; and had infus'd his own Infernal Spirit in their Corrupt Carcasses: For nothing could be read but Devilism in every Feature. Theft, Whordome, Homicide, and Blasphemy peep'd out at the very Windowes of their souls; Lying, Perjury, Fraud, Impudence, and Misery were the only Graces of their Covntenance.

One with flip-Shoes, without Stockings and a dirty Smock, visible thro' a Crape Petticoat, steping from the Ale-house to her Lodgings with a parcel of Pipes in one hand, and a Gallon pot of Guzzle in

the other; yet with her Head dress'd up to as great an Advantage, as if all the Members of her Body were sacrific'd to all Wickedness, to keep her ill-look'd Face in Finery. Another, I suppose, taken from the Oyster-Tub, and put into Whores Allurements, made a more cleanly appearance; but became her Ornaments as a Cow would a Curb-bridle, or a Sow a Hunting-saddle. Then, every now and then, would bolt out a Fellow, and whip Nimble cross the Way, being equally fearful, as I imagine, both of Constable and Serjeant: And look'd as if the dread of a Gallows had drawn its Picture in his Countenance. Said I to my Friend, what can these People be, who are so stigmatiz'd in their Looks, that they may be known as well from the rest of Mankind, as *Jews* from *Christians*? They seem to me so unlike Gods Creatures, that I cannot but fancy them a Colony of Hell-cats, planted here by the Devil, as a Mischief to Mankind. Why, truly, says my Friend, they are such an abominable Race of degenerate Reprobates, that they admit of no Comparison on this side Hells Dominions. All this part quite up to the square, is a Corporation of Whores, Coiners, Highway-men, Pick-pockets, and House-breakers; who, like *Bats* and *Owles*, skulk in obscure holes by Day-light, but wander in the Night in search of opportunities wherein to exercise their Roguery.

When we had taken a Gentle Walk thro' the abominable *Sodom*, where all the sins invented since the fall of *Lucifer* are daily practis'd, we came into the Common Road, *Fleet-street*, where the Ratling of Coaches, loud as the Cataracts of *Nile*, robb'd me of my Hearing; and put my Head into as much disorder as the untuneable Hollows of a Rural Mob at a Country Bull-baiting. Now, says my Friend, we have a rare opportunity of replenishing our Boxes with a pipe of fine Tobacco; for the greatest Retailer of that Commodity in *England* lives on the other side the way; and if you dare run the hazard of crossing the Kennel, we'll take a pipe in the shop, where we are likely enough to find something worth our Observation. Indeed, said I, you may well stile it a hazard, for when ever I have occasion to go on the wrong side the Post, I find my self in as much dread of having my Bones broke by some of these conveniences for the *Lame* and *Lazy*, as an unlucky Prentice to a Crabbed Master, is of a sound beating after a stolen Holyday. But however, when we had waited with much patience for a seasonable Minute, to perform this dangerous service, we at last ventur'd to shoot our selves thro' a vacancy between two Coaches, and so enter'd the smoaky Premises of the famous *Fumigater*: Where a parcel of Ancient Worshipers of the Wicked Weed were seated, wrap'd up in *Irish* Blankets, to defend their Wither'd Carcasses from the Malicious Winds that only blows upon Old Age and Infirmary; every one having fortified the great Gate of Life with *English* Guns, well charg'd with *Indian* Gunpowder; their Meagre Jaws, Shrivell'd Looks, and Thoughtful Countenances might render them Philosophers, their Bodies seeming so very Dry and Light, as if they had been as hard Bak'd in an Oven as a Sea-bisket, or Cur'd in a Chimney like a fitch of Bacon; fumbling so very often at a Pan of Small-coal, that I thought they had acquir'd the Salamanders Nature, and were sucking Fire thro' a Quill for their Nourishment. They behav'd themselves like such true Lovers of this prevailing Weed, that I dare engage Custom had made their Bodys incapable of supporting Life

by any other Breath than Smoak. There was no Talking amongst 'em, but *Puff* was the period of every Sentence; and what they said was as short as possible, for fear of losing the Pleasure of a Whiff, as *How d'ye do?* *Puff.* *Thank ye,* *Puff.* *Is the Weed Good?* *Puff.* *Excellent,* *Puff.* *It's fine Weather,* *Puff.* *G---d be thanked,* *Puff.* *What's a Clock?* *Puff.* &c. Behind the Counter stood a Complaisant Spark, who I observ'd show'd as much Breeding in the Sale of a Penny-worth of Tobacco, and the change of a Shilling, as a Courtiers Footman when he meets his Brother *Skip* in the middle of *Covent-Garden*; and is so very Dextrous in discharge of his Occupation, that he guesses from a Pound of Tobacco to an Ounce, to the certainty of one single Corn: And will serve more Penny-worths of Tobacco in half an Hour, then some Clouterly *Mundungus-sellers* shall be able to do in half Four and Twenty. He never makes a Man wait the Tenth part of a Minute for his Change, but will so readily fling you down all Sums, without Counting, from a Guinea to three Penny-worth of Farthings, that you would think he had it ready in his Hand for you before you ask'd him for it. He was very generous of his Small-beer to a good Customer; and I am bound in Justice to say thus much in his behalf, That he will show a Man more Civility for the taking a Penny, than many Stiff-rump Mechanicks will do for the taking of a Pound.

By this time the Motion of our Lungs had consum'd our Pipes; and our Boxes being fill'd, we left the Funking Society in a stinking mist, parching their Intrals with the drowthy Fumes of the pernicious Plant. Which taken so incessantly as it is by these Immoderate Skeletons, render them such Slaves to a Beastly Custom, that they make a Puff at all business, are led astray by following their Noses, burn away their Pence, and consume their time in Smoak.

We now departed hence, my Friend conducting me to a place call'd *White-Fryers*, which he told me was formerly of great Service to the honest Traders of the City; who, if they could by *Cant*, *Flattery*, and *Deffimulation* procure large Credit amongst their Zealous Fraternity, would slip in here with their Effects, take Sanctuary against the Laws, compound their Debts for a small matter, and often times get a better Estate by Breaking, than they could propose to do by Trading. But Now a late Act of Parliament has taken away its Priviledge; and since Knaves can neither Break with Safety nor Advantage, it is observ'd there is not a quarter so many Shopkeepers play at *Bo-peep* with their Creditors, as when they were encouraged to be Rogues by such cheating Conve-niences.

We thus enter'd this Debtors Garrison, where, till of late, says my Friend, Old Nick broach'd all his Wicked Inventions, making this Place the very Theatre of Sin, where his most Choice Villanies were dayly represented. As we pass'd thro' the Gate-way, I observ'd a stall of Books, and the first that I glanc'd my Eye upon, happen'd to be dignified and distinguish'd by this venerable Title, *The Comforts of Whoring, and the vanity of Chastity; Together with a Poem in Praise of the Pox.* Bless me, Thought I, sure this Book was Printed in Hell, and Writ by the Devil; for what Diabolical Scibler upon Earth could be the Auther of such unparallel'd Impudence? I was so surpriz'd by the Title, that I was quite

quite thoughtless of inspecting into the Matter, but march'd on till we came into the main street of this neglected Asylum, so very thin of People, the Windows broke, and the Houses untenanted, as if the Plague, or some such like Judgement from Heaven, as well as Executions on Earth, had made a great Slaughter amongst the poor Inhabitation.

We met but very few Persons within these Melancholly Precincts, and those by the Ariness of their Dresses, the forwardness of their Looks, and the affectedness of their Carriage, seem'd to be some Neighbouring *Lemons*, who lay conveniently to be squeez'd by the Young Fumblers of the Law: Who are apt to spend more time upon *Phillis* and *Cloris*, than they do upon *Cook* and *Littleton*. Having taken a Survey of these Infernal Territories, where Vice and Infamy were so long Protected, and Flourish'd without Reproof, to the great Shame and Scandal of a Christian Nation; I shall therefore bestow a few Lines upon this Subject, which I desire the Reader to accept on.

. On *White-Fryars*.

TH E Place where *Knaves* their Revels kept,
And bid the Laws Defiance;
Where *Whores* and *Thieves* for safety Crept,
Is of her fillthy Swarms clean Swept,
Her Lazy Crew that skulk'd for Debt,
Have lost their chief reliance.

The *Vermin* of the Law, the Bum,
Who gladly kept his distance,
Does safely now in Triumph come,
And if he finds the Wretch at home,
He Executes the fatal Doom,
Without the least Resistance.

Villians of ev'ry black degree,
Were on this Spot collected;
Oaths, Curses, Lyes and Blasphemie,
Pass'd Currantly from He to She,
Made Virtue stare to Hear and See,
What Vices here were acted.

A soil where Sin could only Grow,
And devil'sh Dark Opinion;
A Looking-glass on Earth to show,
How Fiends and Devils live below,
That Mankind might the Discords know,
That dwell in Hells Dominion.

The Streets were Stain'd, and Houses Lin'd
With Bloodshed, sin and sorrow;
So Wicked it was hard to find
One Christian with an upright Mind;
But seem'd to be a place design'd,
To perish like Gommorha.

*The sodden Sinners here that liv'd,
 With Pox, look'd pale as Tallow,
 By whom no God was e'er believ'd,
 Or Man amongst 'em ever Thriv'd,
 But that Curs'd Wretch who daily striv'd,
 To be the Basest Fellow.*

*To Thieve, Pick-pockets, Whore, and Cheat,
 Where all their chiefest Study;
 And He, or She that was unfit
 For any Rogu'ry, or Deceit,
 Such a poor Rascal had no Wit,
 And She a silly Dowdy.*

*Pox, Poverty, Dirt, Rags, and Lice,
 By most were car'd about-'em;
 They were too Nasty to be Nice,
 And all their dayly Exercise,
 Were Whoring, Drinking, Cards, and Dice,
 No Living here without-'em.*

*No Orders did they mind, or Hours,
 But free of all Restrictions,
 Each Tipling-House kept Open-doors,
 At Midnight, for Sots, Rogues, and Whores,
 To Curse and Wrangle at All-Fours,
 And vent their Maledictions.*

*But now the Wicked Scene withdraws,
 And makes an Alteration;
 It's Purg'd and Cleans'd by wholesome Laws,
 And is become a Sober Place,
 Where Honesty may show it's Face,
 Without Disreputation.*

My Friend conducted me from thence, thro' the little Wicket of a great pair of Gates, which brought us into a stately part of that Learn'd Society the *Temple*: This, says my Friend, is called the *Kings-Bench Walks*, and here are a great many sorts of People, that are now walking to waste their time, who are well worth your Notice, we'll therefore take two or three turns amongst 'em, and you will find 'em the best living Library, to instruct you to read Mankind, that ever you met with.

Pray, said I, what do you take those Knot of Gentlemen to be, who are so Merry with one another? They, reply'd my Friend, are Gamsters, waiting to pick up some young Bubble or other as he comes from his Chamber; they are Men whose Conditions are subject to more Revolutions than a Weather-cock, or the uncertain Mind of a Fantastical Woman. They are seldom two Days in one and the same Stations, they are one day very Richly drest, and perhaps out at Elbows the next; they are Persons who have often a great deal of Money, and are as often with-
 C out

out a Penny in their Pockets; they are as much Fortunes Bubbles, as young Gentlemen are theirs; for what ever benefits she bestows upon 'em with one Hand, she snatches away with t'other; their whole Lives are a Lottery, they read no Books but Cards, and all their Mathematicks is to truly understand the Ods of a Bet; they very often fall out, but very seldome Fight, and the way to make 'em your Friends, is to Quarrel with them; they are Men who have seldome occasion to pare their Nails, for they most commonly keep them short by Biting of them. They generally begin every Year with the same Riches, for the Issue of their Annual Labours, is chiefly to enrich the Pawn-Broker. They are seldome in Debt, because no-Body will Trust 'em; and they never care to Lend Money, because they know not where to Borrow it. A Pair of False Dice, and a Pack of mark'd Cards sets 'em up; and an Hours Unfortunate Play Commonly breaks 'em. They are nearly related to Madmen; for they have generally more Raving Fits in a day than a *Bedlamite*, at which times they are as profuse of their Oaths, as a young Scholar is of his Latin. They generally Die Intestate; and go as Poor out of the World as they came into it.

*As Marriners with hopes their Anchors weigh,
But if cross Winds, or Storms they meet at Sea,
They Damn their Stars, and Curse the Low'ring Day.*

*So Gamsters when the Luck of one prevails
Above anothers, than the Loser rails,
Damns Fortune, and in Passion bites his Nails.*

You have given me a very pretty Character of 'em. But pray what sort of Blades are those in antiquated piss-burnt Wigs; whose Cloaths hang upon their Backs as if they were not made for 'em; who walk with abundance of Circumspection? I'll tell you. says my Friend, they are a Kind of hangers on upon the Warden of the *Fleet*, and the Marshal of the *Kings-Bench*. They pretend to have an Interest with them in the procuring of Liberty for Prisoners remov'd by *Habeas Corpus*: Who cunningly, by these Stratagems, dive into your Circumstances, and report 'em to the Warden or Marshal, who know the better how to deal with you, and Screw you up to the utmost doit you are able to afford him. They are a kind of Solicitors in this sort of business; who, whilst they are pretending to serve you, are subtly contriving a Treacherous way to pick your Pocket; and if any Person makes his escape, they are very diligent in their Enquiries after him; and if they make Discovery, do privately dispatch Intelligence to the Keepers aforesaid, for which they are rewarded. These are a parcel of as honest Fellows, as ever Cut the Throat of a Friend, or Robb'd their own Father. For a Crown, or half a Piece, they will give any Bailiff a Cast of their Office, in Doging, or Setting, even those of their own Acquaintance, to whom they profess their greatest Friendship. They are also very Servicable Agents in a bad Cause, if they can Say or Swear any thing that will do your business a Kindness; they will at any time, for a small Fee, strain a point to your assistance. They are generally Tradesmen, brought into Poverty by Negligence and their own Profuseness; and by Poverty and Imprisonment, arriv'd to the unhappy knowledge of these Shameful Undertakings. They are Men whose

Liberty

Liberty is owing to a long Confinement, or the Keepers Clemency ; and when ever they die, the Warden or Marshal make Dice of their Bones, to secure themselves from the Suit of their Creditors.

*Sure none like Man, will their own kind annoy,
Hawks, will not Hawks, or Wolves, will Wolves destroy:
But these inhumane Sharks, worse Beasts than they,
On their own Fellow Creatures basely Prey;
Surely at last such Destin'd are to Starve,
Who can no better Life than this deserve.*

I Observe, said I, there are another sort of Men, that appear something like Gentlemen, with Meagre Jaws and Dejected Countenances; each walking singly, and look'd as Peevishly, as if the blind Jilt and he, thro' a mutual dislike, were frowning on each other.

Those you must know, says my Friend, are Gentlemen in distress, some coming to their Estates so Early, before they had Sense enough to preserve 'em, have been Bubbled by the Town Parasites, Taverns, Whores, and Sharpers, till reduc'd to Misery, and made the sad Examples of their own Extravagance ; and are now waiting with a hungry Belly, to fasten upon some old Acquaintance for a Dinner, who dreads the sight of one of 'em, as much as a Debtor does a Bailiff: But because he knew his Family and him in Prosperity, is willing now and then to give him a Meal, or relieve him with the Gift of a Shilling, which he takes with as humble an acknowledgement, as a poor Parson does a Benefice from his Patron, or a Tradesman the Payment of a Bill from a Courtiers Steward.

*How Vain is Youth? How Ripe to be Undone,
When Rich be-times, and made a Man to soon?
Humour his Folly, and his Pride commend,
You make him both your Servant and your Friend.
But if with Councells you the Wretch shall Aid,
He tells you, to Advise is to Upbraid;
That Good your Admonitions are, 'tis true,
But still, no more than what before he knew;
Prays you to hold your Tongue; he Scorns to Learn of you.* }

There's another sort among 'em who were born Gentlemen, and bred up in Idleness, whose Parents had the Care, by way of prevention, to spend their Estates themselves, and leave their Issue nothing to trust to. These, some of them, are Pentioners to the Petecoat, some Boretto-Men at the Groom-Porters ; some Flatterers, and Soothers, who support themselves by bringing others into the like Unhappiness ; and those amongst them of the meekest Spirits, are Relation-Punishers, who have Patience enough to bear a reproof at Dinner, without spoiling their Appetites.

*Unhappy Wretch, by Chance and Bounty Fed;
To nothing Born, and yet to nothing Bred;
Thou'rt Fortunes Pentioner, whom Men Receive
Sometimes for Sport, and sometimes to Relieve:*

Mechanicks,

*Mechanicks, in thy Company, look Great,
And Magnifie, by thee, their happier State:
Each Man that knows thee, doubly Guards his Purse,
Thou'rt like Infection shun'd, and that that's worse,
A Burthen to the World, and to thy self a Curse.*

As my Friend and I was walking upon the Grand Parrade, I observ'd abundance of Mask'd Ladies, with rumpled Hoods and Scarfs, their Hands charg'd with Papers, Band-Boxes, and Rowls of Parchment, frisk in and out of their Staircases, like Coney's in a Warren bolting from their Burrows. Said I, to my Friend, do you think all these Women are Madam Blackacres, and come hither about Law business, that we see tripping backwards and forewards so very Nimbly? No, no, reply'd my Companion, these are Ladies that came to receive Fees instead of giving any. They have now extraordinary business upon their Hands with many of the young Layers, tho' nothing in Relation to the Law; for you must know, these are *Nymphs of Delight*, who only carry Papers in their hands for a blind; who are such considerable Dealers they can afford to give Credit for a whole Vacation, and now, in Term time, they are industrious in picking up their Debts. You are now, I'll assure you, in one of the greatest places of Trade in Town, for Dealing in that sort of Commodity; for most Ladies, who for want of Fortunes despair of Husbands, and are willing to give themselves up to Mans use, without the dull confinement of Matrimony, come hither to be truly Qualified for their generous Undertaking, and by that time she has had a Months Conversation with the airy blades of this Honourable Society, she will doubtless find her self as well fitted for the Employment, as if she had had a Twelve-months Education under the most experienc'd Bawd in Christendome; and if you ever chance to meet with any of our Trading Madams, and ask them *who Decauch'd 'em*, it's ten to one but her Answer will be, *a Gentleman of the Temple*. But whether it be matter of Fact, that those Sins are lay'd to their charge, or whether it is only the Ambition of the Jilt, to have you think she sacrific'd her Virginity to the use of so worthy a Society, I won't presume to determine: Tho, I confess, I think it reasonable to believe, that our forward Ladies are more apt to Dedicate their Honours to an Inns-of-Court than else where, for three Reasons. *First*, As they are the Flower of our Gentry. *Secondly*, As the greatness of their Number affords variety of Choice. And *Thirdly*, As they have the best Conveniencies for Consummating Debauchery without dread or danger.

*Could Youth those early Hours to Study bend,
Which on the Tempting Sex they Vainly spend;
How sparkling would his happy Genius shine?
How strong his Nerves? His knowledge how Divine?
To Adams first perfections he'd attain;
And by degrees Lost Paradise Regain.
But that which Plagues and Bitters Humane Life
Is Woman, whether Mistress or a Wife,
Mother of Sin, Disease, of Sorrow and Strife.*

Pray, said I, what Noun Substantive Flat-cap of a House is this, so very different from all the rest of the Buildings? My Friend told me
'twas

'twas the *Kings-Bench-Office*, where, says he, they Sell broken Latin much dearer than Physicians do their Visits, or Apothecaries their Physick. Time, you know, has been always vallued as a precious Commodity by all Men, but here they Sell their Minutes at as Extravagant a Rate, as Great Men do their Protection, and won't let four Fingers and a Thumb run once cross a Slip of Paper, but by Virtue of a *Hocus Pocus* Custom, call'd *The Fee's of the Office*, they'll conjure two or three Half Crowns out of your Pocket, and won't put their Tongues to the trouble of giving you either a why or a wherefore for it.

Being wonderfully pleas'd with the Prospect of the *Thames*, the Beauty of the Buildings, and the Airiness and Spaciousness of the Court, I began to look about me with no little Satisfaction; and gazing round, I espied a Sun-Dial, subscrib'd with this Motto, *Be gone about your Business*. Pray, said I, to my Companion, What wonderful Mystery lies hid in those Words, for surely so Learn'd a Society, would never have chose a Sentence for this purpose, but what should be very Significant, and I cannot for my Life understand the meaning on't; for certain they intend something extraordinary by it, not inteligible to a common Capacity. Truly, said my Friend, 'tis something than that no-body could ever find out, for I never could hear it would admit of any other Application or Construction, than what is render'd by the Literal Sence. No! said I, then I think whoever plac'd it here, deserves to be Bogg'd for putting such an affront upon so honourable a Society; for I remember, when I was a School-Boy, those very Words were the Burthen of a Ballad: Poh, poh, says my Friend, you only Jest with me. Upon my Word, said I, 'tis very true, and I can my self Repeat some Stanza's of it, which are these.

FIE! You great Looby, John;
 Pray-now let me alone.
 If you won't let me Rest,
 Now a Body is Drest,
 Be gone about your Business.

Never Stir, let me Go,
 Don't you Rumple me so;
 Hold your Hand, you great Cur,
 If you think I'm a Whore,
 Be gone about your Business.

Nay, I Vow and Protest,
 I will not be in Jest;
 Why, you ugly Damn'd Devil,
 If you will not be Civil,
 Be gone about your Business.

O Dear! Nay, I Vow.
 Why, where are you now?
 O L--d I'm undone;
 You will kill me anon,
 Go on about your Business.

Certainly, says my Friend, if the Benchers had ever heard this Merry Ditty, they would not have thought it consistent with their Gravity, to have chose the *Chorus* for a Motto; I cannot but conceive they have shew'd a Blind Side, in putting so Dull a piece of Imperative Fustian in so Publick a Place, as if they design'd to conjure Loiterers out of the Walks, as a Jugler does his Balls from under his Cups, with a *Presto be gon*. I think it's a great Dishonour to a Learn'd Society, that they could find no apt Phrase, to serve so Poor a purpose; but to be so sadly Puzzled at so ordinary a Task, as to use so Bald and Naked a Sentence, such a Thred-bare Scrap of English too, which is now become the common Jest, and Ridicule of every mean Mechanick.

From thence we went towards the Hall, and turn'd in at a dark Entry that brought us into a Cloister or Piazza; where a parcel of Grave Blades Gown'd and Banded, with Green Snap-Sacks in their Hands, were so busily talking Alphabetically, about *A*. Marrying of *B*. and how they begat two Sons, *C*. and *D*. and how *C*. being the Elder Brother, Married *E*. by whom he had two Daughters, *F*. and *G*. &c. So that I thought they had been examining into the Genealogy of the Christ-cross-row; I listening all the while with great Attention, expecting I should have heard the Original Rise of every individual Mark, or Letter, and how they begot one another, from *A*. to *Z*. thro' out the Alphabet, till my Friend told me 'twas their method of Stating a Case, which made me blush at my Ignorance. Heads, Tongues, Feet, and Hands, were here all moving, which occasion'd me to fancy, their reading so much Law French, had inspir'd them with the Gallick Grace of so much Action in their talk.

We left these debating the weighty difference between *John* of *Oaks* and *John* of *Stiles*, and march'd forward, till we came into the Inward Temple, as my Friend inform'd me, where we had a fine Prospect of a Stately Hall, and Pleasant Fountain; here we also found walking fundry sorts of Peripateticks, some, I believe, thro' good Husbandry, having chose the Broad Stones for the prevention of the Rough Gravel wearing out their Shoe-Soles, others for the Ease of their Corns, and some Country Clients, with Gray Coats and Long Staves, I suppose desired to walk there by their Lawyers, whilst their business was dispatched, because they should not spoil their Chamber-Floors with their Hob-nails. Here and there amongst 'em was a creeping old Fellow, with so Religious a Countenance, that he look'd as if he had spent more Pounds in Law, than ever he Read Letters in the Gospel; and had paid in his time as much Money for Declarations, Pleas, Orders, and Executions, Subpena's, Injunctions, Bills, Answers, and Decrees, as ever it Cost him in the Maintenance of his Family.

Now, says my Friend, I believe we are both tired with the Labours of the Day; let us therefore Dedicate the latter part purely to our Pleasure, take a Coach and go see *May-Fair*. Would you have me, said I, undergo the Punishment of a Coach again, when you know I was so great a Sufferer by the last, that it made my Bones rattle in my Skin, and has brought as many Pains about me, as if troubled with the Rheumatism. That was a Country Coach, says he, and only fit for the Road; but *London* Coaches are hung more loose, to prevent your being Jolted by the roughness of the Pavement. This Argument of my Friends prevail'd upon me, to venture my Carcase a second time to be Rock'd in a *Hackney* Cradle.

So

So we took leave of the *Temple*, turn'd up without *Temple-Bar*, and there took Coach for the General Rendezvous aforementioned.

By the help of a great many Slashes, and Hey-ups, and after as many Jolts and Jumbles, we were drag'd to the *Fair*, where the harsh sounds of untunable Trumpets, the Catterwauling Scrapes of Thrashing Fiddlers, the Grumbling of beaten Calves-Skin, and the discording Toots of broken Organs set my Teeth an Edge, like the Filing of a Hand-saw, and made my Hair stand as Bolt-upright, as the Quills of an Angry *Porcupine*.

We order'd the Coach to drive thro' the Body of the Fair, that we might have the better View of the Tinsley Heroes and the gazing Multitude; expecting to have seen several Corporations of Stroling Vagabonds, but there prov'd but one Company, amongst whom Merry *Andrew* was very busie in Coaxing the attentive Crow'd into a good Opinion of his Fraternitie's and his own Performances; and when with abundance of Labour, Sweat, and Nonsense, he had drawn a great cluster of the Mob on his Parade, and was just beginning to encourage them to *Walk in and take their Places*, his unlucky opposite, whose boarded Theatre entertain'd the Publick with the wonderful activity of some little *Indian* Rope-dancers, brings out a couple of chattering *Homunculusses*, drest up in *Scaramouch* Habit; and every thing that Merry *Andrew* and his Second did on the one side, was mimick'd by the little Flat-nos'd Comedians on the other, till the two Diminutive Buffoons, by their Comical Gestures had so prevail'd upon the gaping Throng, that tho' Merry *Andrew* had taken pains with all the wit he had to collect the Stragling Rabble into their proper order, yet like an unmannerly Audience, they turn'd their Arses upon the *Players*, and devoted themselves wholly to the Monkeys, to the great vexation of *Tom-Fool*, and all the Strutting train of imaginary Lords and Ladies. At last out comes an Epitome of a careful Nurse, drest up in a Country Jacket, and under her Arm a Kitten for a Nurslin, and in her contrary hand a piece of Cheese; down sits the little Matron, with a very Motherly Countenance, and when her Youngster *Mew'd*, she Dandled him, and Rock'd him in her Arms, with as great signs of affections as a loving Mother could well show to a disorder'd Infant, then bites a piece of the Cheese, and after she had mumbled it about in her own Mouth, then thrust it with her Tongue into the Kittens, Just as I have seen some Nasty Old Sluts feed their Grandchildren. Past these were a parcel of scandalous *Boosing-Kens*, where Soldiers and their Trulls were Skipping and Dancing about to the lamentable Musick, perform'd upon a crack'd Crow'd by a blind Fidler. In another Hut, a parcel of *Scotch* Pedlars and their *Moggies*, Dancing a *Highlanders* Jig to a *Horn-pipe*. Over against them the *Cheshire-booth*, where a Gentlemans Man, was playing more tricks with his heels in a *Cheshire* round, then ever were show'd by the mad Coffee-man at *Sadlers* Musick-house. These Intermixt with here and there a *Poppet-show*, where a Senceless Dialogue between *Punchenello* and the *Devil* was convey'd to the Ears of a Listning Rabble thro' a Tin Squeaker, being thought by some of them as great a piece of Conjuratation as ever was perform'd by Dr. *Faustus*. We now began to look about us, and take a view of the Spectators; but could not, amongst the many Thousands, find one Man that appear'd above the degree of a Gentlemans Vallet, nor one Whore that could have the Impudence to ask a man above Six-pence wet and Six-pence dry, for an hour of her Cursed Company. In all the Multitudes that ever I beheld, I never

in my Life see such a Number of Lazy, Lousie-look'd Rascals, and so hateful a Throng of Beggarly, Slutish Strumpets, who were a Scandal to the Creation, meer Antidotes against Leachery, and Enemies to all Cleanliness. As we were thus rambling thro' the Fair, a Coach overtakes us, wherein were a Couple of more tollerable Punks, whose Silken Temptations, and Airy Deportment, gave them a Just Title to a higher Price than the White-Apron Bang-Tails, who were Sweating in the Crow'd, could in Conscience pretend to; an Arch Country Bumpkin having pick'd up a Frog in some of the adjacent Ditches, peeping into the Coach as he pass'd by, and being very much affronted that they hid their Faces with their Masks, Ads blood, Says he, you look as ugly in those black Vizards as my Toad here; e'en get you altogether, tossing on't into the Coach: At which the frightned Lady-birds Squeak'd out, open'd the Coach Doores, and leap'd among the throng, to shun their loathsome Companion.

The Adjacent Mob being greatly pleas'd at the Country-Mans Unluckyness, set up a Laughing Hollow, as loud as a Huzza, to make good the Jest, which Occasion'd the Coach-man to look back, who knowing nothing of the Matter, and seeing his Fair out of the Coach, thought they were about to bilk 'im, Alights out of the Coach-Box, in a great Fury Seizes one of them by the Scarf, and accosts them in these Words; *Z-nds, you B--ches, what would you Bilk me? Pay me my Fair, or by Gog and Magog you shall feel the Smart of my Whipcord before you go a Step further.* The poor Harlot's endeavour'd to satisfie their Angry Charioteer, that they were Women of more Honour, than to attempt so Ill an Action; telling him, as well as their surpize would give them leave, the Occasion of their Lighting, which would not convince the chollerick Whore-driver, who refus'd either to quit his hold, or suffer them to go again into his Coach, till they had paid him Eighteen-pence which he demanded as his Fair, but in the Sequel of the matter, they had it not to give him, presuming to have met with some Cully in the Fair, that might have serv'd their purpose: So that rather than to stand a Vapulation, one of them took Notice of his Number, and gave him her Scarf as a Pledge, but he refus'd to carry them back, I suppose for fear they might call upon some *Bully* or other that might make him deliver up his security, without any other redemption than a Thrash'd Jacket. Thus were the unfortunate Madams dismounted of their Coach, and were forc'd to Mob it on foot with the rest of their Sisters.

There being nothing further that occur'd, or to be seen, worth Notice, only a Turkey Ram, with as much Wooll upon his Tail as would load a Wheel-barrow, and a Couple of *Tigers*, grown now so common they are scarce worth Mentioning, I shall therefore conclude the account we give you of *May-Fair*, in these following Lines.

*'Tis a sad Rendezvous of the Wicked'st of Wretches,
Poor Rogues without Money, and Whores without patches,
A Sodom for Sin, where the worst Jack of Dandy,
May S--- thro, the Fair with a Gallon of Brandy.*

F I N I S.